

WESTERN HERO

A Fawcett Publication

FEB. NO. 99



TEX RITTER



TOM MIX



MONTY HALL

10¢



IN THIS ISSUE:

**THE HIDDEN
EVIDENCE !**



Brownie Hawkeye Flash Outfit

This kit includes the new Brownie Hawkeye Camera, flash model, with shutter that sets off the flash. All pre-set at the factory—just aim and shoot. Gets wonderful snapshots. \$12.75.

What a gift!

... a complete kit for flash pictures

You'll take action shots at night just like the press photographers. You'll get snaps indoors any time. It's no trick at all with one of these new Kodak flash outfits. In the kit you get an up-to-the-minute Kodak camera, a supply of film, Flashholder, flash bulb, batteries and two booklets that tell you everything you need to know to start making swell pictures right away. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N. Y.

Kodak Duoflex II Flash Outfit

In this kit you get the new two-lens, reflex-type camera with big brilliant view finder. All set, ready to snap pictures indoors or out, day or night. \$19.95.

All prices are subject to change without notice and exclude Postage Tax.

Other Kodak Cameras just "tops" for Christmas



Brownie Tropic Six-20 Camera—Vertical and horizontal viewfinders. Flash-focus lens, two stops to control light. Negative, $3\frac{1}{4} \times 2\frac{1}{4}$. \$9.75.



Brownie Flash Six-20 Camera—"Wishes come around the clock." Full-color pictures, too, in full sun. Negative, $3\frac{1}{4} \times 2\frac{1}{4}$. \$11.75. Flashholder, \$3.75.



Baby Brownie Special Camera—Makes good snapshots, sure. Full-color, too, in bright sunlight. Fixed-focus lens. Negative, $1\frac{1}{4} \times 2\frac{1}{4}$. \$8.75.

Kodak
Photo Dept.

WESTERN HERO

Библиография

Indonesia

卷之三



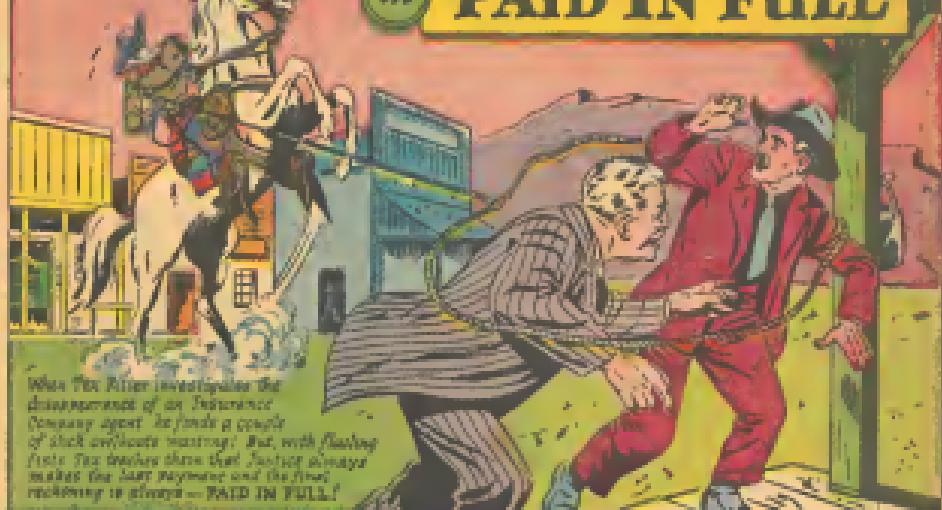
The following corresponding magnitudes are easily identified in this series by the word A PERCENT PRECIPITATION.

CAPT. MARVIN WESTERNIES • 1400 LEVEL WESTERN • THE MARVEL FAMILY • FANTASY: FANTY ANIMALS
WESTERN HEROES • ROCKY MOUNTAIN WESTERN • PICTURE THE PRAIRIES • GARRY MATE'S WESTERN
CAPT. MARVIN II • MASTER COMICS • TOM AND WESTERN • MIGHTY MACE WESTERN • MEDAL OF HONOR
BOB CARMICHAEL WESTERN • JAILBIRD INNOCENCE • A SIX-YEAR PERSON • MIGHTY JEWELRY WESTERN

Every effort is made to insure that these units represent nearly the highest degree of ultimate attainment.

for a *Chloroform*. President

Tex Ritter in **PAID IN FULL**



When The Ritter Investigates the disappearance of an Insurance Company agent, he finds a couple of stock certificates missing! But, with floating funds, the teacher there that Justice always makes the last payment and the final reckoning is always — PAID IN FULL!

**Chief Clerk, in the OFFICE
OF THE COMPTROLLER OF THE**

TEX, THIS IS ME CRAIG! CRAIG MACHINES,
HE REPRESENTS THE **AMERICAN
CASUALTY INSURANCE
COMPANY!** HE'S GOING
TO THE HOTEL
WEST TO INVESTIGATE
THE EXPLOSION.



卷之三

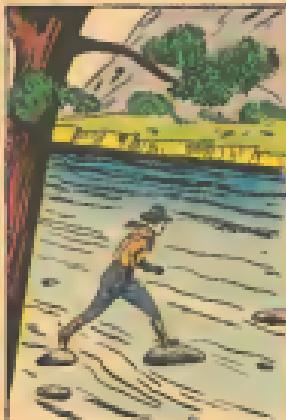
WHAT WORKED IN CASE WHEN HE RECONValesC?

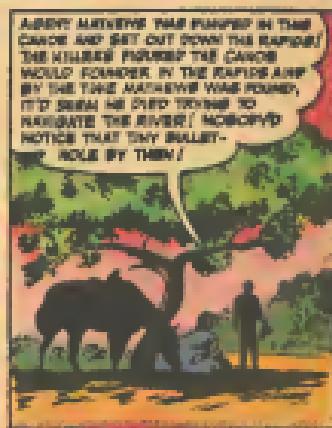
YES! MALARIA HAD
GONE TO REDWOOD
TO PAY A VISIT INSTEAD
OF ON A HOTEL THAT HAD
THE REEL HAD TAKEN

HE DRAINED THE BATH, READING
QUADRANT BECAUSE THE NOTER
APPEARED TO HAVE SUCCESSFULLY
INTERFERED WITH HIS BUSINESS;
AUGUST AND HE SENT HIS
NOTE, AFTER HE READED
QUADRANT, BUT NO HELP
CHECKED AND EVERYTHING
HE WANTED IS ORDERED !



WESTERN HERO





WESTERN HERO

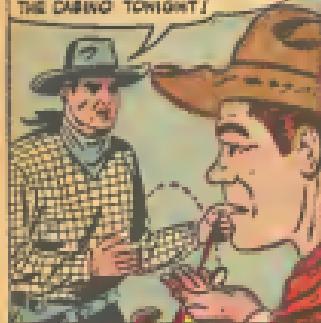


SO UP TO THE NEW CASINO THAT JUST OPENED IN TOWN! I'LL AROUND AND ACT LIKE A CUSTOMER! HERE — TAKE THIS SILVER DOLLAR! YOU'LL GET ANOTHER WHEN YOU LEAVE THE DABIN' TONIGHT!

DON'T TALK TO ANYBODY ABOUT BEING HIRED TO GO THERE AND ACT LIKE A CUSTOMER... UNDETECTABLE!

SURE, I GET YOU STRANGER! I'LL GET RIGHT OVER THERE, PRETTY!

THIS IS VERY INTERESTING! MAYBE IT'LL HAVE SOME BEARING ON WHAT I WANT TO FIND OUT — WHO KILLED AGENT MATTHEWS? I'LL JUST PLUG ALONG FOR A SPELL AND SEE! COME ON, RUSH — LET'S HEAD FOR THE REDWOOD CASINO!



WESTERN HERO



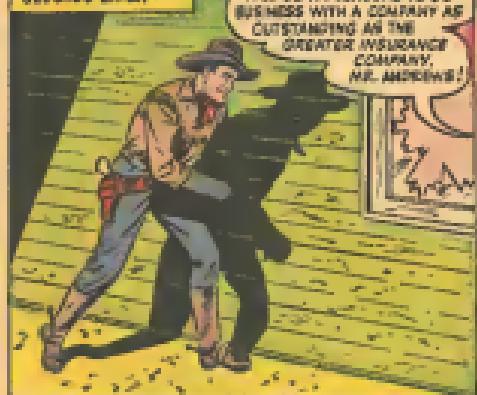
WESTERN HERO



WESTERN HERO



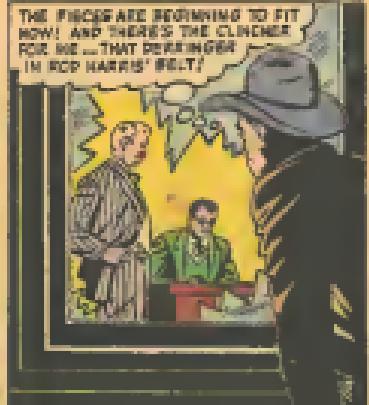
SECOND LATER --



YOU'VE BEEN WITH YOUR OWN EYES NOW, MR. ANDREWS. THE TERRIFIC BUSINESS WE'RE DOING HERE! HOW YOU UNDERSTAND WHY WE'RE TAKING OFF SUCH A HEAVY INSURANCE POLICY WITH YOUR FIRM?



THE FINGERS ARE BEGINNING TO FIT NOW! AND THERE'S THE CLINCHER FOR ME -- THAT REVENGE IS IN BOB HARRIS' BELL!



IT'S THAT DRIFTER! HE'S BACK AGAIN!

WESTERN HERO



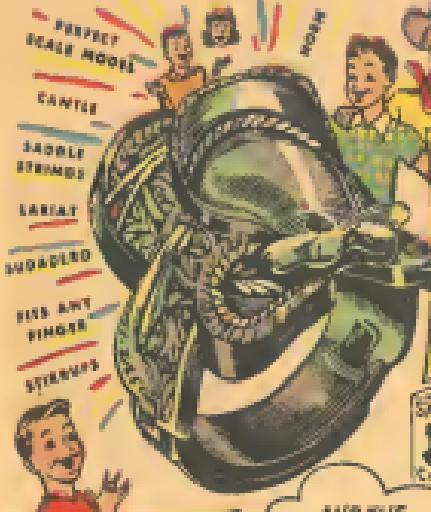
FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF TEX RITTER IN HIS OWN MAGAZINE, **TEX RITTER WESTERN**, AND IN **WESTERN HERO**!

BOYS! GIRLS!

HURRY! GET THIS BIG
BEAUTIFUL REAL SCALE MODEL!

WESTERN SADDLE RING!

SO EASY TO GET!



ONLY **25¢**

WITH FRONT CENTER OF
ANY SMITH BROTHERS
SWEET, CANDY, CANDY, CANDY

Send to: Smith Brothers,
P. O. Box 1152, Providence, R. I.

AND THE
BEST-TASTING
COUGH DROPS
TOO!



Yippee! It's a horse-size whiskey glass! Offer good while stocks last. Personal check or a good credit record required. Western Saddle Ring send for order and you'll be the envy of your neighborhood.

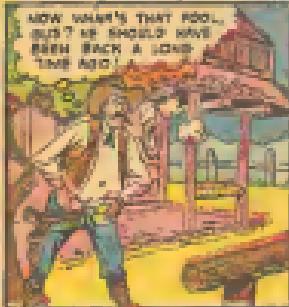
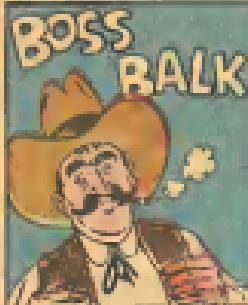
Just enclosing \$2.00 and the front cover of a Smith Brothers, any flavor, for which please send me a Western Saddle Ring.

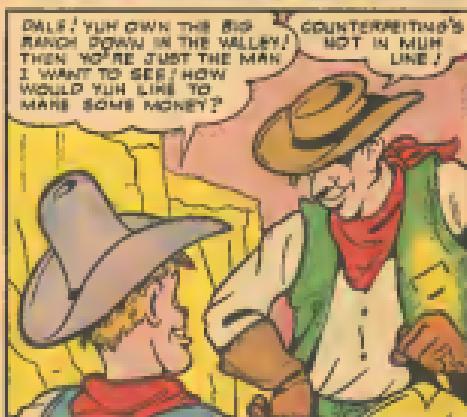
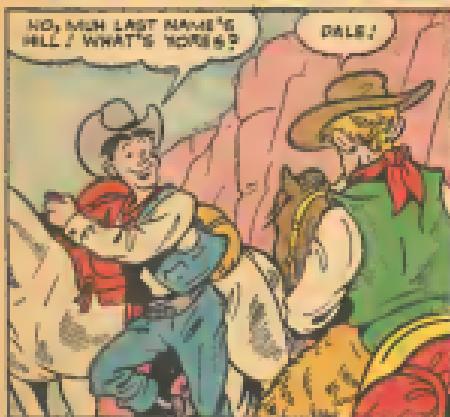
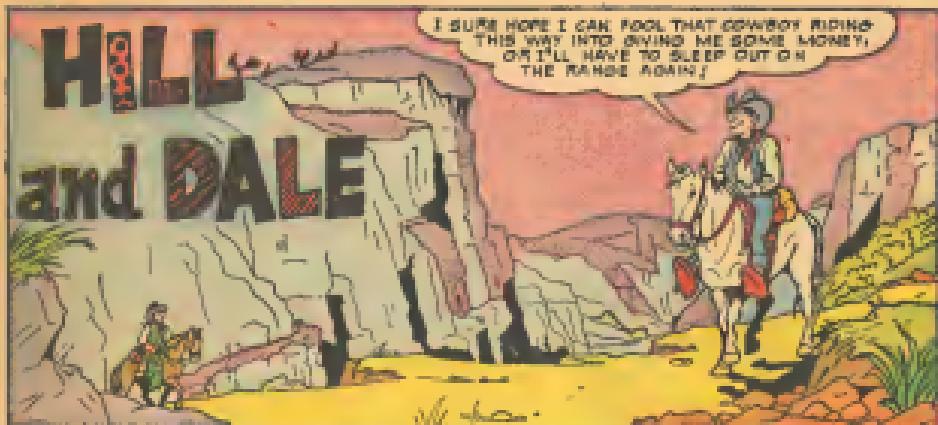
Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____

Post office address or residence: Box 1152, Providence, R. I.
Smith Brothers, P. O. Box 1152, Providence, R. I.





WESTERN HERO



COMING COMIC ATTRACTIONS



CROWNING A NEW KING-
OF THE GOLDEN WEST—

**BOB
COLT**



10¢ WATCH YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND!!! 10¢

HORNS OF THE BULL

A Slim Carson Story

IT WAS already late at night, when Slim Carson kneed his bay mustang down the winding main street of the little border town of Crossbow, Texas. As he rode, the young lawman's eyes flickered cautiously from side to side, exploring the dark alleyways and shadowy saloon entrances that lined the board sidewalk of the Texas town. If a ruckus was ained to pop, Slim knew it was likely to happen fast!

For the slender border patrolman, had come to Crossbow to trace a packer of stolen jewels—lost from a big Chicago robbery! The insurance agents responsible for covering the loss had traced the missing gems down to the border, and they had enlisted Slim Carson's help in their efforts to regain the lost!

Now, as he dismounted before a sickly, one-storyed hotel, Slim felt uneasy. Flinging the worn reins over a hitching post, the young border patrolman mused, "I'm commencing to wonder where I go from here! Those Eastern gente claimed that they got word to investigate a cattle ranch near Crossbow called the J-C! But why—and how . . ."

Suddenly, as Slim turned away from the bay, he heard the staccato report of a six-gun—and a muffed gash of pain! It came from an alleyway only thirty yards away!

"Shooting!" Slim Carson gritted. "Suppose I get in on it!"

Colt cleared, he lunged himself toward the narrow, dark alleyway. But, by the time he reached it, it was empty, save for a single figure, huddled against the stucco wall of the building. Slim quickly crouched by the man who had been shot, but his experienced fingers on the man's wrist told him that he was too late. Slowly, Slim stood up. He had to find the sheriff . . .

"Shoo him from in front, eh?" Sheriff Ray Benson mused. "That looks as if Creel knew the man who did it! Slim, you didn't get a glimpse of the killer, did you?"

Slim Carson shook his head, discouraged.

"Not a whiff! You say that the dead man's name was Judson Creel?"

"That's right," the sheriff returned. "He moved into Crossbow a couple of years ago. Started a cattle ranch—the J-C spread. Mostly

he doesn't raise beef cattle, but fighting bulls for the bull fights across the river in Mexico! He—say! What's troubling you, Slim?"

The sheriff's keen eyes had detected Slim Carson's sudden agitation. Swiftly the slender young patrolman explained.

"Ray," he said, "I came down to Crossbow on the trail of a packet of stolen jewels. The only clue I had was that they were believed to have been traced as far as a ranch—the J-C spread. And now you tell me that this gent," and his sinewy finger indicated the motionless form of the slain man, "is Judson Creel, boss of the J-C!"

"I see what you mean," Sheriff Ray Benson frowned. "Makes your job tough! I'm plumb sorry," he went on. "I searched his clothes and I didn't find a doggone thing to give us a clue. Not a thing—unless you can make something of this . . ."

He held out his hand, and, in the center of the wrinkled palm was a stiff pink pasteboard.

"A ticket for the bullfight tomorrow over in San Pablo! Reckon he was aiming to attend it!"

Slim Carson took the ticket and thrust it slowly into his shirt pocket. "Aiming to go to the bullfight, eh? Ray, it seems to me that the shooting took place so fast that the gunsel that pulled it couldn't rightly be sure whether he plugged Creel or not—especially in the dark! In which case," he went on, "I think I may just dress up in Creel's clothes, take his ticket, and sit in his seat tomorrow. It might be interesting."

The sheriff put his grizzled hand on Slim's lean shoulder.

"Interesting!" he rejoined. "It might be plumb fatal."

But Slim wasn't worried about that. He was used to taking care of the state of his health—with the help of the two worn Colts his father had given him on his deathbed! The guns were meant to fight outlaws—and Slim had used them for just that, along the entire length of the winding Rio border land!

Now, sitting in a box in the bullfight arena, the dark-haired, young American watched the spectacle with great interest! On crossing the border, he had gotten in touch with his friend,

Captain Eladio Gomez, of the Mexican secret police, Gomez had promised to keep several of his men stationed in the bullfight arena, in case of trouble—and, now all Slim could do was wait.

As he sat, in the shaded section of the stands, he enjoyed the exciting show going on before him!

The cheering of the crowd, the fluttering pennants, the fiery music of the gaudily dressed band, the dramatic struggle between the agile, graceful matadores and the giant, powerful bulls, held him enthralled. More than once, as the first bull battled a clever swordsmen, Slim rose to his feet cheering with the rest of the crowd.

But the bull was slain and dragged off, and now Slim settled back in his seat.

A new bull charged out into the arena!

This time, seeing the matador, the long-horned beast made a furious, sudden attack that almost worked! The bullfighter jumped desperately from his path and sprang, in the nick of time, to safety. As the crowd rose, shouting in wild applause, Slim suddenly saw a man below him—behind the arena fence!

Even as he watched, the man drew his arm back and flung a gleaming knife at him! The keen blade hissed through the air! Convulsively, uncontrollably, Slim ducked—and the heavy blade missed him by a fraction of an inch! In the next moment, he lunged forward and flung himself over the fence in pursuit, toward a narrow, dark doorway, where the man—a bullfight attendant, had disappeared! The rest of the crowd, still cheering wildly, had their eyes riveted on the raging bull, and did not notice the incident!

Shouldering his way into the narrow entrance, Slim found himself in a dark, hay-smelling passageway. Dashing down it, he turned a corner into a big barn-like room, filled with stalls.

As he entered, Slim saw two men facing him at the end of the room! One was the man who had just thrown a knife at him—and the other was another attendant, in bullfight attire, with a leveled gun. The border patrolman's hand streaked toward his gun! It came out spouting flame and lead! There was a brief, furious exchange of shots—and then Slim's assailant fell to the ground, his leg broken. But the other man, the one with the knife, now sprang at him, muttering choking phrases of fury!

"Foolish meddler!" he grunted. "I'll kill you!"

The burnished knife gleamed in a descending arc. But Slim ducked away from the blow and swung a heavy right hook that landed against the knife-wielder's jaw. He went down like a sack of wheat.

Breathing heavily, Slim slapped his hands

against each other, his eyes roving about the room. Evidently it was a barn where the bulls were kept before the combat—and that they were returned to when it was over. For there, in a corner, was a slain bull—the one that had been killed in the first fight of the afternoon. And one of its horns seemed to be bent at an odd angle—as if it were broken...

Slim Carson started to go over to it, when he heard the door behind him open.

He whirled, to see his friend, Captain Eladio Gomez, with two more Mexican policemen. Gomez grimaced with evident relief. "You are alive, mi amigo!" he said. "Bueno! We saw that attendant throw a knife at you—and we saw you follow him. We pursued, but You made fast work of him and his friend!"

Slim smiled. "Reckon so." He turned again to the bull, and clutched the long, bent horn.

"Hold on, Slim!" the Mexican police captain broke in. "What goes on here? Why did those men try to kill you—and what are you doing with that horn?"

Slim Carson straightened up. In his hand he held the horn. It had been hollowed out and, broken loose from the slain bull, they could see that it held a handful of gleaming gems! The border patrolman grunted, pleased.

• • • **U**ST about what I figured," he said. "Eladio, these gents were in cahoots with a cattle-breeder across the river, Judson Creel by name, to smuggle over illegal objects. In the hollowed horns of his bulls. Working here in the arena, they were in a perfect spot to receive the goods! But this time, when the loot was a packet of jewels—worth a fortune—they decided to do away with Creel . . . so they wouldn't have to split the take with anybody!"

"But why did they go after you?" Gomez asked.

"Because they had attacked Creel at night in Crossbow," Slim explained. "They weren't sure of having finished him off, and when I showed up in his box, with his clothes, they decided they must have missed, and they'd have to finish the job! Which they tried to do . . ."

Eladio Gomez shook his head slowly and sadly.

"If they ask me," he said, "I tell them they pick on the wrong hombre! Better to wrestle a bull bare-handed! Go home, Slim . . . and take those jewels with you. The Mexican law will take care of these maleditos — as they deserve!"

THE END

Thrill to the dangerous exploits of **SIM CARSON** in every issue of **WESTERN HERO**!

Meets KID BUZZARD

MONTE HALE

TWO-GUN MONTE HALE HAS BATTLED MANY STRANGE ANTHROPOIDS --- BUT NONE STRANGER THAN THE MYSTERIOUS KID BUZZARD!

A GLOOMY, TERRIBLE BIRD OF PREY IS HIS SERVANT --- TO KEND AND DESTROY AT HIS WHIM!

MONTE HALE PACED UNHAPPY AND TERRIFYING DANGER, WHEN HE MEETS KID BUZZARD!

WHIZ-BANGS CRACKLE A WARNING AS AN OUTLAW GANG SWOOPS DOWN UPON A PASSING STAGECOACH!

REIN UP!

BANG!
BANG!

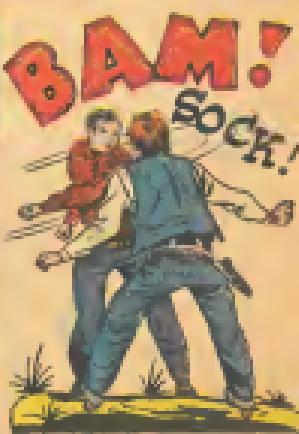
IT'S REX DUNNING AND HIS GANG!

DON'T SHOOT! I Y'LL LIVE LONGER THAT WAY, HALO
TANGLE WITH YOU, MR. DUNNING!

OVER THE GOLD!

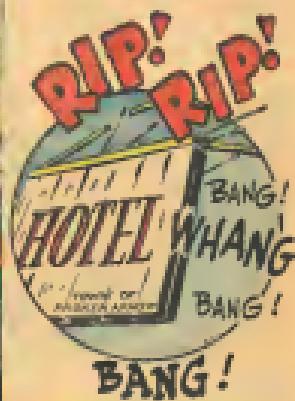
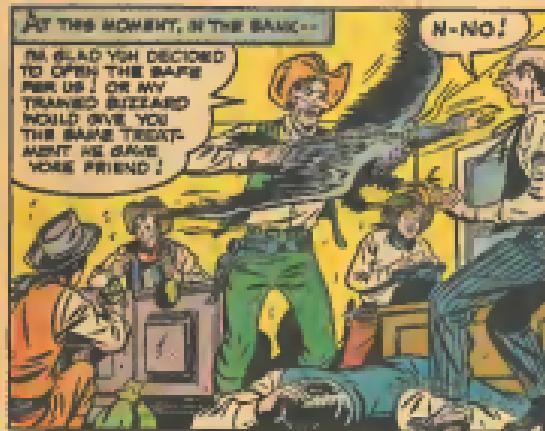


WESTERN HERO



WESTERN HERO





WESTERN HERO

DESPERATELY THE OUTLAW CHIEFTAIN FIGHTS BACK...

THIS HONORABLE HADER TO HANDLE THAN A DOG MAVERICK!

BUT I OGRIS THIS WILD GENTLEMAN DOWN!

POW!

SUDDENLY...
WOW! THE BIZZARD IS AFTER ME!

I CAN'T LET HIM STRIKE WITH HIS BEAR CLAW! THIS SCARY BUDDY CAN TEAR A MOUNTAIN LION APART!

NOW'S MY CHANCE! IF I CAN GET MY GUN FREE...

THE BIZZARD SAVED ME! TO BETTER TAKE A HAND IN THIS!

I OWE YEH PLENTY FOR THAT BIZZING YUH GAVE ME! AND HERE'S PAYMENT!

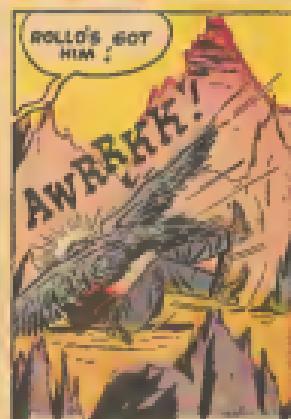
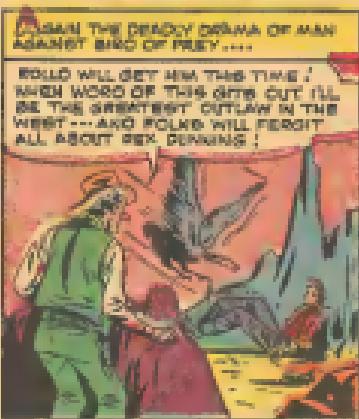
OHHH!

CONK!

QUIET, ROLLO! YOU'LL GET A CHANCE AT HIM---LATER! I JUST WANT TO SEE HIM SUFFER---BEFORE, HE CHEA!

LATER, AT ED BIZZARD'S CAMP, MONTE HALE RECOVERS CONSCIOUSNESS.....

I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YEH TO COME TO, MONTE HALE! I'M GOING TO TURN MY TRAINED BIZZARD LOOSE---AND I WANT YOU TO SEE WHAT'S COMIN'!





FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF MONTE HALE IN HIS OWN MAGAZINE, MONTE HALE WESTERN AND IN WESTERN HERO EVERY MONTH!

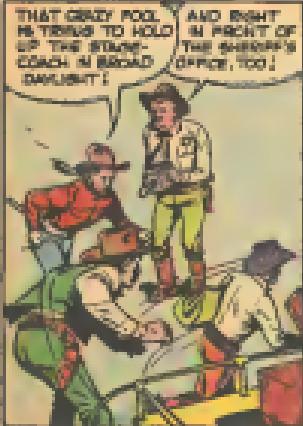
TOM MIX

and THE
HIDDEN
EVIDENCE!



THAT CRAZY FOOL IS TRYING TO HOLD UP THE STAGE-COACH IN FRONT OF THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE, TOO!

AND EIGHT IN FRONT OF THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE, TOO!



TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME, AND OR I'LL BLOW YOU!



I CAN SEE WHERE IT'LL BE USELESS TO TALK TO YOU!

I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT ANYONE IN HIS EIGHT MIND WOULD TRY ANYTHING SO WEIRD AS BLOW UP THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE!

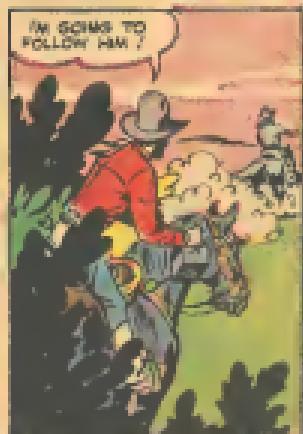
CLOUD!



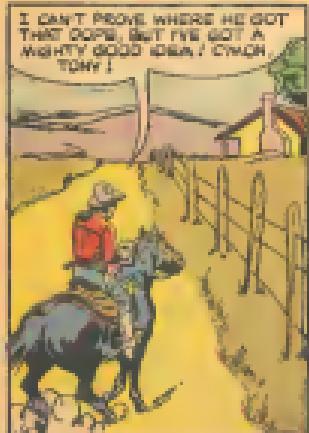
WESTERN HERO



WESTERN HERO



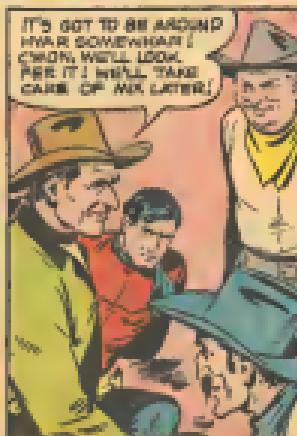
WESTERN HERO



WESTERN HERO



WESTERN HERO



WESTERN HERO



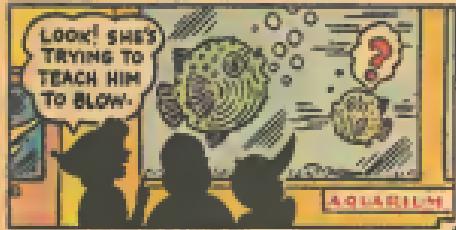
WESTERN HERO

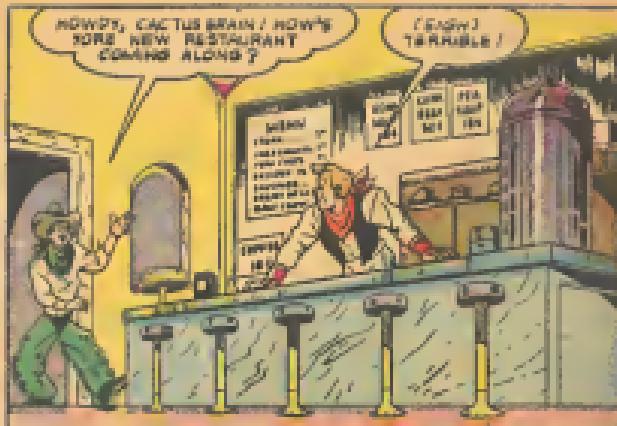
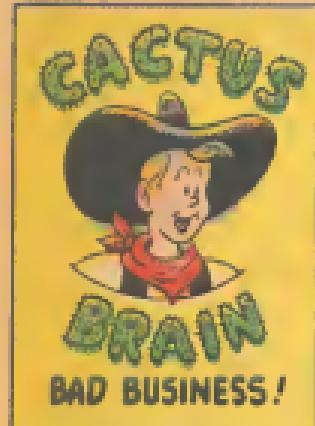




FOR REAL
WESTERN ACTION READ **TOM MIX**
WESTERN

10¢ AT ALL NEWSSTANDS 10¢



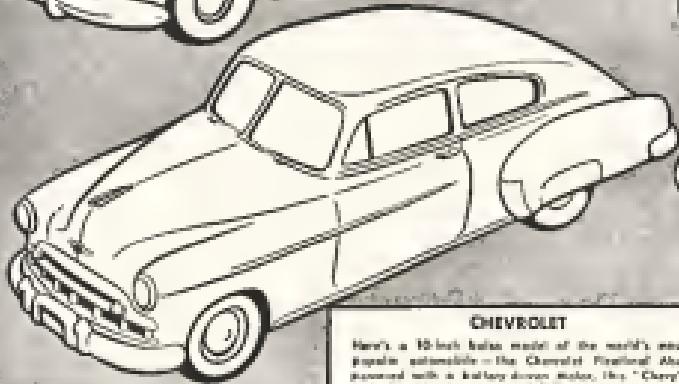


HEY GANG!

LET'S BUILD THESE
ELECTRIC MOTOR POWERED
MODELS! IT'S EASY WITH
MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED
FULL SIZE PLANS!

BUICK CONVERTIBLE

Here's your chance to make this accurate 12 inch Buick model complete with front and rear wheel spoked with a little electric motor connected to flashlight batteries in the body, you can drive this model in any direction or "drive it in straight". And these full size plans are as easy to follow that even if you've never built a model you can make this unique model. Plans cost only 25 cents, postage. Order Plan No. 287.



CHEVROLET

Here's a 10-inch scale model of the world's most popular automobile - the Chevrolet "Belair". Also powered with a battery driven motor, this "Chevy" looks just like the real car. Building from these unique full size plans is as easy as ABC. Plans cost only 25 cents. Send for your set today. Order Plan No. 487.

HOW TO ORDER:

Send 25 cents for each plan to **MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED**, Fleet Service, Post-Office Building, Greenwich, Conn. Please order by name of plan and the number.

